



They creaking steps



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Chapter 1 by Alva

They creaking steps

Prolog

The steps came closer, they creaking horribly. I lay in bed with his head under the covers, what would I do? So many thoughts spread in my head, but there was only one left when I felt it, someone sat on my bed, right next to me, everything was spinning in my head when was the disappearance and then it was gone, no one who sat next to me , no one went over the floor, no.

Chapter 1

-Vanessa! Cried the mother from the kitchen.

Yes, I will! I replied tired. This was like new morning style for me since last summer, I always wake up late for school and is completely dead tired. It started the night on Thursday, and I remember it so well. It started with it squeaked, I did not think much more about it. But then it got worse, much worse. Someone who was breathing, loud and clear. Someone who sat in bed and just sat there for 3 minutes, sometimes longer. That feeling of never being alone, it was indescribable.

I run down the stairs and into the kitchen. It says mom and fix a sandwich, she cross-turns and throws the sandwich to me, fresh, striking face and butter smudges in the face. Mom stares at me in surprise and opens his mouth to say something but closes it later. I turn around and go up on the toilet and wash your face, when I look in the mirror I see something that makes me jump, a girl, with long black hair. Leaning over me and watching me, I scream and turned around, no one there. Quickly I ran out of the room and down the hall, well where do I drag me dojorna and put on my jacket. I cry goodbye to mom but no answer so I just go out and towards the school. In

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me came up smoke and I got all woozy, burned it? Then I fell to the floor and everything went black, all black.

I woke up in a white room, the hospital? Oh, no, it was just my room. Mom sat on the bed next to me and looked at me miserable.

-Gumman! Finally! You've slept for 4 hours now. Mom said anxiously.

I found you inside the door when I got home, what happened?! Babbling mother on but that I could answer. I felt eyelids became heavier and heavier, and then everything went black again. I woke up a smell, pancakes. I got up and went down, when I walked past the mirror in the hall, I had my old white nightgown. I was pure white and tired. I went into the kitchen where my mother stood and cooked pancakes. She looked up and saw me.

-Finally Sweetie! Have you woken up to now? She said.

Chapter 2 by Embla



I sat down on chair, mom set a plate with warm pancakes on.

- Thanks, I said. I looked up on the clock, oh no! I'm late to school. I ran to the hall and put on my shoes took my bag and ran to school.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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